

Sods Law
By
Chris Skoyles

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www.chrisskoyles.com

Fade In.

EXT: STREET - EARLY HOURS OF MORNING.

The early morning moon fades slowly towards daylight. Dusty orange glows shine down from street lights onto a pavement already damp from an earlier rain shower. We move along this pavement, down a long, dark road running central through a fairly typical working class, Northern English town.

Somewhere O.S, the sound of milkbottles crashing into walls and scattering along pavements.

JOHN (O.S)
Buggar!

Another milk bottle is kicked into view, followed by JOHN (19) who staggers into view, singing:

JOHN:
Oh, The Grand Old Duke of York /
He had ten thousand men / He
marched them up to the top of the
hilllll,
And he marched them down again!
/Whey!

John, wearing a dark overcoat over an open-top white shirt and battered jeans, wraps one hand around a lamp post, spinning himself around beneath the dusty orange glows whilst balancing both a cigarette and a bottle of beer in the other. His dark mop of hair crashes about his face, splashing over eyes which would be dark were they not glazed over and bordering on bloodshot.

Clearly DRUNK, John lets go of the lamp post, launching himself into the road.

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JOHN (singing)
And when they were up, they were
up And when they were down, they
were down / And when they were
only half way up / They were all
confused as fuck! / Whey!

We continue to follow John as he makes his way past a local college. John stops, stares mournfully up at the building and then continues on, stumbling and swaying.

JOHN (SINGING):
Que sera, sera / Whatever will
be, will be / I think that I have
to pee / Que sera, sera!

He stops. Stands still. Looks straight ahead.

John
...Oops

John looks down at his jeans to discover a wet patch in the crotch area. Reaching to grab it, he stumbles, forward, then back, and then collapses against a wall. The bottle of beer falls to the floor and breaks.

INT: PAUL'S BEDROOM. - MORNING.

An ALARM CLOCK beeping noisily wakes PAUL (19) from his sleep. He throws back the covers and crawls out of bed, standing in the middle of the room, wearing only shorts which reveal his slim, athletic frame. Paul stretches, yawns, and smiles.

He walks through a clean and tidy bedroom en route to a wardrobe, passing neatly-hung pictures and posters. On a chest of drawers sits a framed picture of a beautiful girl about Paul's age. He picks this up, smiles, kisses the photo and places it back down.

Pulling out running attire from the wardrobe, Paul dresses in front of a bookshelf which is stacked with many books on the subject of English & European Law. From atop this shelf, he pulls a can of deodorant and sprays.

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EXT: PAUL'S PARENTS' HOUSE - EARLY MORNING.

Just one of many mid-terraced homes in a seemingly never-ending row of red brick houses, all clustered together in one of the more run-down parts of town.

Paul steps out of the house, closing the door behind him, pulls a pair of headphones from around his neck and places them over his ears. He flicks on his MP3 Player, tucks it away, and begins to jog towards an early morning sun still in the early throes of ascent.

EXT: TOWN CENTER. - EARLY MORNING.

The sun hovers, gradually rousing the town from its slumber. Men & women in business suits make their way to work. Some carry newspapers and coffee, some make important phone calls. A HOMELESS MAN wakes up, shivers and pets his scruffy dog. A group of small school children dart past him excitedly.

In the distance, a SKATEBOARDER pops an ollie onto the pavement, raising the ire of several businessmen.

EXT: OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - EARLY MORNING

INTERCUT BETWEEN JOHN AND PAUL.

John staggers along, trying his best to sober up as he walks

From the bottom of the hill Paul is jogging, and avoids bumping into, or even noticing John by a few split seconds.

CUT TO.

John, now almost walking and acting almost, turns a corner and heads up an alleyway. A split second later and Paul comes jogging past.

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CUT TO.

PAUL JOGGING.

He is breathing heavily and his face is turning red, heat from the flames of determination burning in his eyes. He swings his arms furiously, dragging himself along.

CUT TO.

JOHN WALKING.

He runs his hands through his hair as he tilts his head backwards. He then rubs his eyes and shakes his head, clearing the cobwebs, before spitting disgustingly onto the ground.

CUT TO.

PAUL JOGGING.

He takes a swig from his water bottle, accidentally splashing some over his face. He heads back up the street towards home, concentrating hard, looking tired yet satisfied and shaking his head quickly, as though reminding himself that he cannot quit.

CUT TO.

EXT: OUTSIDE JOHN'S PARENTS' HOUSE. - DAY

An attractive, semi-detached house in a pleasant, affluent part of the town.

John, looking tired, sore, and somehow both drunk and hungover at the same time, approaches the front door of his house and ENTERS.

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EXT: INSIDE PAUL'S PARENTS' HOUSE. - DAY

Paul returns to his house following his morning jog. Daylight now conquers the sky, early morning, around 8AM. The song playing on his portable music system fades as he warms down and stretches.

INT: JOHN'S PARENTS' HOUSE. - DAY.

Still stumbling, John leads us through his house, a well-kept, middle-class home. He takes us to the bedroom, unlocks the door, and steps inside. His room is dirty. Ashtrays overflow into oceans of empty beer cans, clothes are strewn here and there. Posters of Page 3 models and rock stars hang loosely from the walls at odd angles. John looks at his bed, shrugs, and collapses onto it.

CUT TO.

INT: PAUL'S HALLWAY.

Paul, doubling over, sucking air. As he looks down at the floor, he notices the post, and picks it up.

As he sifts through the post:

Paul:
Mum and dad, mum and dad, mum,
dad, ME. Score one for Paul!

Walking through the DINING ROOM, he places the letters down on the table and heads into the KITCHEN.

CUT TO.

Paul returns from the kitchen and re-enters the dining room carrying a glass of orange juice and a healthy breakfast. He sits down, takes a sip of his orange juice, then takes hold of an envelope addressed to MR. PAUL GEORGE MURPHY.

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Paul opens the envelope, and quietly reads the enclosed letter himself. His lips twitch, a smile forms. Suddenly, he leaps up and punches the air.

PAUL (triumphantly):
WOOHOO!

He starts to dance and sing as he makes his way over to a shelf and picks up his MOBILE PHONE.

PAUL (SINGING):
Oh, The Grand Old Duke of Paul /
He had ten thousand men / He
Marched them up to the top of the
world / and he marched them down
again! Woot Woot!

Using his phone, Paul types out a text message. We don't see the contents of the message, but we do see him send it to a contact in his phone labelled 'SARAH.'

INT: A PUBLIC BUS RIDING INTO TOWN. - DAY.

The same beautiful young girl from the photograph in Paul's bedroom earlier sits on a bus. This is SARAH (18). Dressed in typical student attire, she hits the bell - calling for the bus to stop- then makes her way to the front to disembark. She wears a small satchel bag over her shoulder and carries a large art portfolio under her arm.

EXT: LOCAL COLLEGE. -DAY.

A pleasant day. Students in good spirits gather. The SKATEBOARDER pops an ollie, grinds along a rail then lands and skates away, passing a bus which is just stopping.

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Sarah exits the bus her as mobile phone beeps.
Looking at her phone, she smiles a broad, beautiful
smile, almost breaking into a laugh.
She flicks her hair back and heads towards college.

FADE TO

INT: PAUL'S HOUSE, FRONT ROOM. - DAY.

Paul is sat on the sofa in casual clothes. He makes a
call.

PAUL.
Hey Dotty, it's Paul. Is my mum
there please?

He nervously taps his fingers on the chair arm, bites his
bottom lip and rolls his eyes skywards as he waits.

PAUL:
Mum? Hiya... Yes, yes. I'm OK...
Dishes? I'll do them later, I
promise...Bedroom's tidy, yes...
I'll go across to the shop for
some later, mum don't worry about
it... Yes, mum (laughing) MUM!
Listen! I called to tell you
something... You ready?

(beat)

(CONTINUED) :

CONTINUED:

I got accepted! Yes! To Oxford!
...Yes mum, I know you did, thank
you. Now all I gotta do is not
mess this up, and one day, dear
mother of mine, you'll be able to
tell Dotty and everyone else that
you're the proud mum of a powerful
-and yet also very fair, High
Court Judge. Imagine it mum, Paul
Murphy, punisher of wrong,
redeemer of justice and... and -
What? - Yeah (laughing) OK, so I
gotta have a dream... Right..
Anyway, I just called to tell you
the news.... Love you too... Bye.

Paul hangs up.

He lays back in the chair and smiles, looking at a table
littered with the tools of his study.

FADE OUT.

INT: JOHN'S BEDROOM - DAYTIME.

The room is dark. Natural light shoots its way through
the cigarette burns in the curtains.

John snores. A stained duvet is thrown lightly over him.
He tosses and turns, then rolls too far, falling out of
the bed, landing hard on the floor.

John wakes up, rubbing his eyes, yawning, flicking the
hair from his face, then rubbing his face, sucking back
mucus and phlegm as he does so.

JOHN
Aw, shit!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Getting to his feet, John spots his urine-soaked crotch.

JOHN

Aw, shitty McShit!

John takes the jeans off, and starts to put on a fresh pair. As he does so, he gets his foot caught, falls over himself and lands on his backside.

JOHN (Frustrated):

Aw, shitty McShitty McBollock-waffle. Fucking shit-nipples. (To himself) Seriously, Johnny?

John remains on the floor, finding it easier to fit into his fresh pants from there. He finishes dressing, then rummages in the back pocket of his urine-soaked jeans, dragging out a cigarette and lighter.

John lights up.

INT: JOHN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN, DAYTIME.

A bright, clean, modern kitchen. A door opens and in walks John, cigarette in hand. He begins to fix himself a cup of coffee.

As he does so, he notices a pile of letters on the worktop, picks them up and sifts through them.

JOHN.

Mum, Dad, Mum and Dad, mum and Dad, don't know who that is, anything for me? Nope. Persona non-fucking-grata as usual, Johnny Boy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The kettle pops. John finishes fixing his coffee. The PHONE RINGS. John picks it up.

JOHN.

Hello?

(Exasperated) No mother I've been awake for ages... What? Yes, I even took the dog for a walk already and everything.

A DOG sits in the corner looking unhappy.

JOHN.

But mum, You know I went looking for a job yesterday. If there was nothing for me to do yesterday, it's not likely that there'll be anything for me to today either.... I'm not being lazy... I don't know, but I'm sure I'll figure it out... OK, I'll go look...

(Sarcastically)

But only because I love you mummy... OK, mum, seeya later. Bye.

John hangs up the phone, swigs back his coffee and EXITS via a back door.

EXT: TOWN CENTER - DAYTIME.

B.G: The Skateboarder skates past and pulls off a trick. A couple of boisterous DRUNKS fall out of a pub, almost crashing into a BUSINESSMAN who rushes busily along.

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Into Frame --

Paul, wearing casual attire walks calmly down the street, crosses the road, and continues walking. He heads into a shop.

As the shop door closes, John walks past, smoking a cigarette.

Paul comes out of the shop and continues walking.

EXT: STREET -DAYTIME.

Across the street we see a job centre. John walks into view and heads towards the job centre. We believe this is where he is heading, but instead, he walks past it and into a nearby OFF-LICENSE. As he walks in, the Homeless Man from earlier in the morning walks out clutching a bottle of vodka and a pack of smokes.

CUT TO.

EXT: LOCAL COLLEGE - DAYTIME.

Paul walks into view and heads towards the college. His walk turns into a light sprint as he approaches the steps. Sarah dashes down to meet him half-way. He slips her arms around her and presses his lips to her forehead.

SARAH:

Hey you - So what's this great news you couldn't wait to tell me?

Paul kisses Sarah hard on the lips.

PAUL:

Have a guess.

SARAH (giggling):

You got the letter?

Paul nods eagerly in response.

SARAH:

From Oxford?

Paul continues nodding.

SARAH:

You're really drawing this out,
aren't you?

PAUL:

(Beat) I'm in!

SARAH:

Yay! Oh, babe, that's the best
thing I've heard all week.
(squeals) I'm so proud of you!

The two hug tightly, collapsing into a deep, passionate
kiss that finally ends with Sarah stroking Paul's cheek.

SARAH:

Aw, Paul, I mean it. I'm over the moon for you.

PAUL:

For us, Sarah. The plan, remember?

Paul places his arm around Sarah, pointing to the sky the
splayed fingers of his free hand.

PAUL:

Imagine it, babe. (Deep, over-
dramatic voice) Paul & Sarah
realise their dreams - Part one:
PAUL GOES TO OXFORD UNI-FUCKING-
UNIVERSITY!

Sarah laughs with Paul and the two again embrace and
kiss.

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PAUL:

So, are we celebrating this afternoon then or what? Cinema? Few drinks? Back to mine? Hey, I'll even let you do That Thing.

SARAH (giggling)

Oh, Let me, will you?

Sarah sighs.

SARAH:

Aw, babe, you know I can't. Part Two: Sarah the Professional Artist depends on me taking this class this afternoon.

She holds up her art portfolio. A huge picture of a white dove takes pride of place.

SARAH:

I tell you what, after this, you're gonna come and pick me up, Mister. We'll go back to mine while Mum's working nights and... (stroking Paul's chest with her finger tip)...and I'll cook you a nice meal, we can snuggle in front of a film and then...(leaning in close to Paul's ear)..then my sexy little student boy..we'll take a bath together?

(CONTINUED)

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PAUL (Smiling):

Mmm, I like your way of thinking.
And you'll do The Thing to?

SARAH:

Yeah, of course! (beat)
Wait...What thing?

PAUL (grinning suggestively):
You know? The Thing. The erm..
(growls playfully) thing.

SARAH:

(Giggling as she playfully pushes
Paul away from her).

Down! You bad boy! - Oh, go on
then, I suppose I can't refuse on
a special occasion now, can I?

Paul and Sarah smile suggestively to each other as they
embrace, giggling between kisses like the typical pair of
teenagers in love.

SARAH:

Anyway babe, I've gotta go. See
you tonight, OK? Do NOT be late.

PAUL:

Please, like I'm ever late for anything.

SARAH (sighing happily):

I know, babe. You're almost kinda
perfect, you know that?

PAUL:

(coughs) Ahem, only almost kinda?

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CONTINUED:

SARAH:

Only almost, dear, yes. Get rid of your kinky sex habits and this thing you have for Kevin Smith movies, and you score a perfect ten.

PAUL (teasing):

Hey now, call me a pervert all you want, but don't ever say an unkind word Silent Bob, OK?

Paul & Sarah Laugh, then hug.

PAUL:

Ok, Precious, I'll see you later - Love you.

SARAH:

Love you too babe. Seeya - And well done!

Once again, they kiss and hug, this time saying farewell.

FADE TO:

EXT: TOWN CENTER, DAY.

ROB, A BUSKER, sits outside a shop window, strumming on a guitar and singing a song. John is stood over him, leaning against a wall. He taps his hands against the wall, and nods his head in time to the music.

A passer-by throws a handful of change into the busker's open guitar case just as he finishes his song.

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JOHN (applauding):

Good stuff, man, good stuff. Bra-fucking-vo. I don't know why you haven't been snapped up by some label by now, y'know that man? Just imagine... you, touring the world, getting yourself knee-deep in it every night just for strumming that beat up piece of shit (points to the Rob's guitar), me tagging along for the ride, your own personal supplier. Man, that'd be sweet.

ROB:

Erm, yeah. Right, thanks John. Anyway asshole, are you gonna be at CJ's party later?

JOHN:

Am I gonna be there? Am I gonna be there? Shit, man, look who you're talking to. That's no party until I roll in with the goods. Yeah man, I'll be there. Gonna get me paid, hazed, and probably laid. Elbow deep in Alaina, that's where I'm gonna be, my musically gifted brother - She is gonna be there, right?

ROB:

I think so, dude. Probably in some marriagey twat with Joe and Bo.

John looks at the busker curiously for a second, before working it out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN:

Ménage à trois, idiot - Shit. She's still letting those two 'roid droids smash her in? Worry not, mon frere, I'll soon lure her over the dark side. A little free sample of Johnny's Special Green should do the trick.

BUSKER:

You're gonna have at Alaina? Mate, seriously? I wouldn't eat from that Kentucky Fucked Bucket if I was starving like some little third world kid.

JOHN:

Couldn't give a toss, Rob. Colnel Sanders, reporting for duty.

I'm willing to risk a bout of genital warts to get my fil. Shit, what a fine, fine specimen of womanhood that girl is.

(Beat)

Anyway kiddo, I'm gonna go off sort my shit out for tonight.

ROB:

Listen, before you go, sort me out with the usual at the party, will you? I'll see you right with whatever I make today, yeah?

JOHN:

Gotcha covered.

ROB:

Seeya later mate

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The two slap hands, John walks away as Rob strikes up another song.

As he's playing, Paul walks past, rummaging in his pocket. He throws a ten pence piece into Rob's guitar case and flicks a thumbs-up at him. Rob nods and smiles in appreciation.

CUT TO:

EXT: ALLEY WAY - DAY.

John, stuffing small zip-bags into his pockets. Across the mouth of the alley we see Paul walking past. John clocks him, quickly shoving the bags into his pockets, and running towards him.

EXT: QUIET STREET - DAY.

B.G: An attractive young girl in a short skirt accepting cash from an older, respectable gentleman; A young man arguing with a group of youths, the skater skating.

Paul continues to walk on foreword with his head down, the sounds of tinny, crashing drumbeats blasting through his headphones.

John runs up behinds Paul, grabs him around the waste and lifts him up, high into the air.

PAUL:

Ahh, get the fuck off me now! Take my wallet and get the fuck off me!

JOHN:

Ahhhh, you bastard!!

John playfully wrestles with Paul, lifting him off his feet. Paul flails his arms and legs in frustration.

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JOHN: (Fiercely)

Gimme all yer money, biatch.

Paul turns around to face John.

PAUL:

You massive dick!

The two slap hands and hug respectfully.

JOHN:

Why thank you - oh wait, hey now, I'm not the one crying
rape like a little girl.

PAUL:

Piss off!

Walking through the roughest part of town
and somebody jumps out from any alley way and starts
wrestling you?
I think that gives anybody the right to piss them selves.

JOHN:

Don't talk to me about pissing your self

PAUL:

What?

JOHN:

Nothing, doesn't matter.

(Beat)

So, what are you up to on this fine, fine day, my
academically gifted compadre?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL:

Being academically gifted, that's what. I got a letter through this morning.

JOHN:

Now what've you done?

I told you, take those library books back on time, college boy. Or was it another restraining order from Sarah?

PAUL: (In a mock, booming voice)

Hahah.

Mock me now, you lazy stoner bum.
For in the years to come it is I who shall
Have the last laugh.
And, as they say,
He, who laughs last...

John reaches behind his ear for a cigarette and lights it up, as he takes a long, deep drag:

JOHN: (Confused)

Yeah, what the fuck?

PAUL:

I've been accepted to Oxford Uni!

JOHN:

Well shit on me!
Mr. Clever Dick finally made it. Congratulations, Mr. Paul,
I'm extremely, and I mean extremely fucking proud of you!

The two slap hands, then shake, and once again hug respectfully.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL:

Thank you very much Mr. John. That means a lot.

JOHN:

Shit man, I know how bad you and Sarah wanted this.

PAUL:

Soo bad. Me, I go to Oxford, do what I gotta do and become the top dog judge in this country whilst Sarah gets her art work recognised and lives an artist's life. We marry on a beach in the Seychelles, have two kids, and live in a big arse house in the country whilst you, my longest, long haired friend..

JOHN:

Sit in the back garden of said big fuck-off house, smoke pot, drink beer, and shag any old piece that happens to be wasted or stupid enough to get nekkid and nasty with me.

PAUL:

Basically the same as you do now then?

JOHN:

No. Now I sit I smoke pot, drink beer and get all nekkid and nasty with dirty birdies in my Mum's house, in ten years' time, I'll be doing it in yours!

PAUL:

Somehow, I don't think so.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN:

Anyway, fuck all this shit.
You need to celebrate man, you comin' CJ'S party tonight?

PAUL:

Nah, Sarah's looking after me tonight.
Cooking me a meal. Oh yeah, then a film, then it's splish
splash taking a bath time. Then, well, you know.

JOHN:

You're gonna do her like they do on the Discovery
Channel, aren't you? Filthy bugger.

PAUL:

Yeah, well...

(beat)

Makes you wonder y'know, why such an amazing, beautiful
creation as Sarah would do so much to please a little law
geek from the arse-end of Nowhere Town.

The two begin to walk off down the street.

JOHN: (Matter-of-factly)

Because you made her cum six times in one session through
foreplay.

PAUL:

How the hell do you know that??

JOHN:

Girls talk, Paul.

PAUL:

Yes John, but to other girls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN:

I know.

PAUL:

Look, I don't mean to point out the obvious, but John not
girl.

JOHN:

No, John sell weed in student pub, overhear Sarah tell
girlfriends.

PAUL:

(Beat)

You bastard.

JOHN:

Anyway, shit.
Come on, if you're with Sarah tonight
At least come for a beer with me now,
A little celebration. My treat.

PAUL:

I can't man, I've gotta revise.

JOHN:

One fucking beer dude,
It's not gonna rot your brain!
You've just been accepted to the top university in the
country to study law, and you don't even want to
celebrate with your oldest, bestest buddy?
Well fuck you then, that hurts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL:

Shit, all right! One beer, then I've gotta revise.
I've got a civil law exam tomorrow, I only actually get
the Oxford spot providing I pass this bad boy.

JOHN:

One beer, I promise.

INT: PUB (BAR) - DAY.

John and Paul stand at the bar, John, as ever, is smoking
a cigarette.

JOHN: (To BARMAID)

Two lagers please.

The Barmaid hands over two pints of larger in exchange
for the correct money.

As they toast:

JOHN:

Right then, here's to Oxford.

PAUL:

Oxford here I come.

The two pull up chairs and sit down.

JOHN:

So, I'm not gonna see you around here anymore?

PAUL:

I'll still be around for a while yet.
I don't start for a good couple of months.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN:

Glad to hear it. Me and you, mon frere, are gonna have to hang around a bit more 'till you go, 'cos shit knows once you get there I'll not ever see you ever again.

PAUL:

Oh, I'm sure you will, mate.

JOHN:

Yeah, but I mean on good terms.
Not you as the fucking Judge and me standing before you for possession.

PAUL:

Well the answer to that's simple.
Stop dealing and get a proper job.

JOHN:

I've got a proper job.

PAUL:

You sell weed.

JOHN:

And? Look at this girl behind the bar here.
Or more importantly, the landlord of the pub.
What he does and what I do aren't any different.
People come in here; they get drugs, pay for them
And enter into an alternate, fucked up state of mind.
People come to me, they pay for drugs, and they enter
into an alternate state of mind.
There ain't no fucking difference except for..

PAUL: (Overlapping)

What she does is legal, what you do isn't.

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CONTINUED:

JOHN:

No, asshole! Well, yeah, actually, that's it, that's the single biggest difference. Here's the thing though, Pauly Shore, my product is far less dangerous than the product served here in this fine establishment. I'm telling you, brother, when you make it to the top, you've got to make this stuff legal so I can go about my business without getting harassed all the time.

PAUL:

Legalise it?

Why? It's a drug, mate. It messes with people's heads and makes them do crazy things. It leads to theft, violence and vandalism which is exactly the sort of stuff I want to put a stop to, I've seen too much of that kind of shit around here. This whole planet has gone right down the can, and it's about time somebody hit the flush and started again.

JOHN:

That has got to be the worst analogy I've ever heard.

Hit the flush?

And anyway, I think you need to hit the books again, my friend. Violence? Vandalism? Not from what I sell. Only thing I ever saw a pot smoker vandalise was a tub of Pringles.

You've never actually smoked the good shit, have you?

PAUL:

Absolutely not. I like to keep my head clear and drug free if it's all the same to you.

JOHN:

So that's why you're drinking beer?
You fucking hypocrite.

PAUL:

Yeah, but booze isn't as bad is it?
And I rarely drink this stuff, only on special occasions.
Everyone drinks mate, it's not the same thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN:

No, it's not. It's ten times worse than the weed.

Think about it.

You go out and have a few beers. Then you have a few more beers. Then a Jack D and Coke, followed by a few more beers and, just because you're in a good mood, a Tequila slammer. You're absolutely rocked off your rocker, drunk as a skunk, and pissed as the proverbial fart. Booze makes you angry man, you start throwing shit around and get that mad, pissed off look in your eyes that's just an open invitation for other drunken arseholes like yourself to start a fight with you. So you fight, kick some shit and fuck some shit up. Everyone's pissed off with you because you got bladdered and ruined a perfectly good night out, you fucking pisshead.

Then you find a slapper, take her home, and fuck her without a rubber then vomit all over her mum's new couch. Wake up the morning with a headache, two black eyes, a broken nose, a magistrate's summons, herpes, syphilis, diphtheria, galloping knob-rot and bollock-bacteria, and just to top it off, you'll be a new father in nine months time. Congratulations, Paul Simon, stand up and take a bow!

PAUL:

That never happens.

JOHN:

It doe, trust me, been there, seen it, done it, vomited over the T-shirt. Hell, I'm not even going to mention drunk driving, people jumping off bridges because the depressant shit in booze makes them suicidal, homes wrecked, marriages destroyed...

(John pulls out a JOINT from the inside of his coat)

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CONTINUED:

JOHN:

Now, take this here.

Me and you, we'll go home, smoke some joints and chill the out for a while. Put some tunes on and just get nice and mellow. Nobobody gets hurt, unless they steal my stash, nobody gets a disease, and nobody gets violent or angry. Best of all, nobody dies.

In fact, I reckon when all these wars started, yeah? Instead of going bombing the shit out of everyone and everything, they should have just flown over and dropped spliffs and boxes of swans over the place, let everybody smoke up and it'll all be just fine.

PAUL:

Thank God they never put you in charge, Johnny Five. That's a pretty messed up strategy, you know that?

JOHN:

I know, but it's mine, and I'm sticking to it. Anyway, man. Why, of all things, do you want to be a judge?

PAUL:

I just wanna help people y'know. Life's been good to me, well most of it has anyway, and I feel like giving something back.

JOHN:

Be a doctor, or a teacher or something, man. Don't get into this fucking law business; It's full of bent, corrupt bastards.

PAUL:

Not me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John finishes his pint, slams the glass down on the table and lights another smoke.

JOHN:

I bet that's what they all said.
You want another?

PAUL: (Hesitating)

Go on then, I've a feeling there's plenty to discuss.
John opens his wallet and hands Paul a five-pound note.

JOHN:

Go on then.

Paul gets up and heads towards the bar.

INT: PUB - DAY.

Paul returns to the table carrying two pints of lager.
John is on the phone to one of his customers.

JOHN:

All right mate, yeah, well I'll be at CJ's party from
about eight, so I'll sort you out then yeah?
... All right, mate, Seeya later.

(To Paul)

Cheers, Buggar.
So, what were we saying?

Paul sits down, hands John his pint of lager and the
change from his five pound note, takes a sip and says:

PAUL:

Me, my chosen future career and your criticisms.
I'll tell you my exact, truth to god, no bullshit reason
why I wanna do this, mate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN:

Go on then.

PAUL:

Payback.

John looks at Paul curiously.

PAUL:

Ok, I'm 18 now, and for the past 18 years I've walked up and down this town and been the victim of physical and verbal abuse from arrogant, lazy bastards too drunk or pilled up to do anything other than hang around on the streets and harass people. I know I'm not the only one who doesn't feel safe walking through town at night. I've been beaten up more times than the Brooklyn Brawler, had somewhere around the total of two hundred quid nicked off me so these assholes can go in the off-license for cider or go and get some pills to feed their addiction, and I'm fucking sick of it. You go the police, and they do fuck all, most of them are two busy out catching speeding motorists. Every day of my life since I was little I've had to deal with this shit. When I was bullied at school, the teachers did fuck all. In fact, when I tried standing up for myself, it was me that got in shit, and I refuse to stand by and let this happen to future generations of people just like me, who get so much shit just for wanting to do something with their lives other than take drugs and live on the dole.

JOHN.

'Fair point, I understand. You got my respect yeah?

John offers his hand and they shake respectfully.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN:

Just remember, not everyone who takes drugs and sponges off the government is an asshole. Who's the one who looked out for you in high school and stopped Mark Ashcroft kicking the shit out of you?

PAUL:

That was you, and I've appreciated it ever since. In fact, so much so, that as long as you're sure you understand my reasons, and promise that we're not gonna fall out over some anarchic, anti-establishment bullshit philosophy of yours, next one's on me.

John looks at Paul SURPRISED.

CUT TO.

INT: PUB, EVENING FADES TO NIGHT.

BEGIN "DRINKING MONTAGE".

John and Paul drink several pints as they go from serious, deep conversations to laughing out loud and messing around. They line a row of shots on the bar and down them one-by-one before laughing, hugging, and falling on the floor. They drink more pints, followed by more shots as early evening dissolves into the dark of the night before finally staggering out of the pub, singing and dancing.

END MONTAGE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EXT: PUB, NIGHT.

Both Paul and John are extremely drunk. They stagger around outside holding onto each other. John holds a cigarette as they sing.

JOHN AND PAUL. (Simultaneously)

Oh, the grand ol' Duke of York /
He had ten thousand men! /
He marched them up to the top of the hilllll /
And he marched them down again!! /
Whey!

PAUL.

Aw, shit. What time is it mate?

John checks his watch.

JOHN:

About, twenty past eleven.

PAUL:

Aw, shit, shit!
You're jokin'?

JOHN:

'Fraid Not!

PAUL:

Aw shit, shit, shit!
Sarah!!

Paul panics, dragging his mobile phone out of his pocket, and quickly makes a call to Sarah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL.
Sarah?
SARAH!!!
I'm soo sorry babe,
I just...

Paul staggers towards the road.

PAUL.

I'm sorry, I was celebrating! You know, with John!
Sarah? SARAH!!

Paul staggers into the road.

PAUL.

Thank you babe.
I love you, y'know,
And I'm gonna be there for you forever..

A car chases up the road with loud, obnoxious techno music blaring out.

PAUL.

We're gonna make it babe. You and me, I promise. The
plan? Remember? We're gonna make it happen.
I love you.

The car hits Paul in the legs, he flies onto the bonnet, hitting his head on the windscreen and flying onto the roof of the car before falling to the ground, covered in blood.

JOHN.

PAUL!!!!
SHIT!!!
NO YOU FUCKER, YOU'VE GOT A LIFE TO LEAD!!

John looks to the sky.

JOHN.

YOU DICK!!! THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE ME!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EXT: GRAVEYARD, NIGHT.

John, wearing a smart suit with his hair tied back, is looking up to the sky. TILT DOWN to see his arm around Sarah, who is crying into his chest. They walk out of the graveyard.

FADE TO BLACK.

The
End.