

THE PATRON OF THE GRAVEDIGGER'S INN

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. PUBLIC HOUSE - NIGHT

Wind that would blow right through a man. Leaves swirl and dance around the entrance of...

THE GRAVEDIGGERS INN.

A high nellie, chained to a telephone pole, outside the front door. To the left, a graveyard. Above the gates, a granite arch entrance. Cross on a plinth atop.

INT. BAR SNUG - NIGHT

The size of a horsebox. Three barstools span a tiny counter. Behind the bar, THOMAS BRENNAN late fifties, polishes whiskey glasses. Glances at the clock on the wall.

Snug door opens. MATTY CONWAY, a small wiry man in his late seventies enters.

THOMAS

Will you look who the wind blew in.

Matty approaches the counter, pulls up a stool, sits.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Usual?

Matty nods. Thomas fixes a pint of stout and a small whiskey. Places them in front of the old man. Matty puts his hand in his pocket. Thomas shakes his head

THOMAS (CONT'D)

On the house. Don't see you at Christmas, so let's call it a Halloween drink.

Matty nods in gratitude. A VOICE from the main bar calls for a round of drinks. Thomas exits and Matty sits in silence.

LATER

Hearty laughter emanates from the main bar. Matty finishes his pint. Thomas enters the snug with a fit of the giggles. He takes the empty glass and puts it behind the counter. Leans on the bar, smiles and shakes his head.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Best I've heard in a while.

MATTY

Go on then. Could do with a bit of cheering up.

Thomas looks like the cat who got the cream.

THOMAS

An American walks into a bar in Dublin.

Matty sits up, attentive.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

He says, "Hear you Irish are a bunch of hard drinkers. I'll give \$500 American dollars to anybody in here who can drink 10 pints of Guinness back-to-back."

Thomas leans in closer to Matty.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

The room is quiet and no one takes up the Texan's offer. One man even leaves. Thirty minutes later the same gentleman who left, comes back and taps the Texan on the shoulder. "Your bet still good?"

Thomas smiles, shakes his head.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

The Texan nods and asks the bartender to line up 10 pints of Guinness. The Irishman tears into the 10 pints, drinking them all back-to-back.

MATTY

Some feat!

THOMAS

The Texan amazed gives the Irishman the \$500 and says, "If ya don't mind me askin', where did you go for that 30 minutes you were gone?"

Thomas struggles to contain the laughter.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Irishman replies, "had to go to the pub down the street to see if I could do it first".

Both men laugh out loud.

MATTY

Nice to have a laugh. Be dead long enough.

Snug door blows open. Matty's face drops. He finishes the last of his whiskey. Steps down from the high stool.

MATTY (CONT'D)

Time to go.

Matty makes for the door.

THOMAS

At least the walk is short. See you
next year.

MATTY

Same time, same place.

Matty exits. Door closes, reveals a sign on the door. It
reads...

IN THE CEMETERY, THERE IS NO BEER; THAT'S WHY WE DRINK OURS
HERE.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

The gates swing open. Two beats and they close.

INT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a headstone. It reads...

MATTY CONWAY - REST IN PEACE

HE WAS A MAN WHO LOVED TO SPEND.
IT'S WHY HE HAD NO MONEY IN THE END.
MANY A WHISKEY, MANY A STRIFE.
BUT HE REALLY DID ENJOY HIS LIFE.

FADE OUT.