

7 Deadly Sins

Sloth

Dolewaller

By

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(c) 2009

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FADE IN:

EXT. PUB - DAY

A grey, overcast sky.

The gloom continues to the street below.

ADAM STONE (18) rests back against the wall of the pub, cigarette in mouth.

SUPER: DOLEWALLER

He takes a final drag and tosses it, turns and walks into the pub.

The cigarette stub continues to burn on the pavement.

SUPER: DEFINITION: Someone who sponges off the government. Never works and probably never will.

The cigarette is stamped on by the foot of a PASSERBY.

INT. PUB

A career drunk's natural habitat. Four such DRUNKS in residence. They sit on separate tables. Far enough apart to avoid the risk of conversation -- eats up valuable drinking time.

Adam stands at the FRUIT MACHINE, pint of lager in hand. Taps the button, eyes fixed on the screen. Takes a long gulp.

The door opens. A silhouetted figure walks inside.

The door swings shut.

IRISH (50s, bearded) walks to the bar. Dark eyes look to Adam.

The BARMAN awaits the order... places his hands on the bar top.

BARMAN
What'll it be?

Irish's eyes still fixed on Adam. A wry smile?

BARMAN (CONT'D)
Chief? What can I get ya?

IRISH
Guinness. Pint...

He turns to the barman. Yeah, definately a smile.

IRISH (CONT'D)
If you'd be so kind?

The barman nods. Pulls the pint.

The chiming bells of the JACKPOT (O.S.) pulls Irish's attention back to -

ADAM

- who grins from ear to ear. Downs his pint in one slow, proud slurp.

His finger presses the COLLECT button.
CHING-CHING-CHING-CHING....

IRISH (O.S.)
Your lucky day, eh lad?

Adam jumps, looks over his shoulder at the smiling Irish.

ADAM
Shit man, you scared the shit out of us.

IRISH
Sorry about that.

Nods to the empty pint glass.

IRISH (CONT'D)
Get ya another?

Adam's eyes narrow with suspicion. Pockets his winnings.

IRISH (CONT'D)
(to Barman)
Pint of whatever your man here's having please, barkeep.

Adam turns, eyes still full of suspicion.

IRISH (CONT'D)
(singing)
We can't go on together...

Adam's blank face.

IRISH (CONT'D)
Suspicion ya daft shite! Obviously,
not a fan eh?

Irish lets out a BELLY LAUGH and slaps Adam on the back.
Adam returns a forced, nervous chuckle.

IRISH (CONT'D)
Just don't like drinking alone,
that's all. Don't worry I'm not
that way inclined.

Irish walks off towards a table.

TABLE - LATER

Irish takes a long gulp from his Guinness.

IRISH
So how come you're not at work,
lad?

Adam sits opposite, sipping his lager. Slams the pint down,
eyes wide.

ADAM
You from the job center?

Irish shakes his head. Relief for Adam.

ADAM (CONT'D)
How come you're not at work, eh?

Irish smirks.

IRISH
Now come on, Adam, I asked you
first.

Confusion.

ADAM
Do I know you? Has my Mam sent you
round here? Checking up on me,
that's all she fucking does!

Irish mouths 'Shite' through gritted teeth. Drinks from his
Guinness.

IRISH

No Adam, I wasn't sent round here
by your Mother.

ADAM

Then how the fuck do you know my
name!?

Irish fixes his gaze on Adam. The guy's intimidating.

Adam shuffles in his seat, eyes mask the battle he's putting
up to keep this morning's breakfast out of his pants.

IRISH

I had to say your name didn't I?
Fucking tosser that I am!

A mischievous grin from Irish.

IRISH (CONT'D)

Was gonna fuck around with you for
a bit before I just came out and
said it. Getting old though,
slipping --

ADAM

Said what!? How do you know my
name?

IRISH

I know everything about you Adam. I
know you're a lazy bastard who
spends every day doing the exact
same thing; pissing everybody who
loves ya's charity up the fucking
wall.

Irish picks up his full pint of Guinness. Takes a thirsty
gulp.

Adam points at the drink with amazed, questioning eyes.

IRISH (CONT'D)

I know you've got more talent than
most too. You could have been
anything, done anything ... you
know that too, son?

Irish waits for an answer, a little compassion comes over
his face.

Adam's blank face.

IRISH (CONT'D)
Thought as much. What a fucking
waste.

Irish picks up his glass. Drains it. Eyes locked with Adam.

As Irish places the empty glass back on the table, it
refills itself. Adam and Irish both turn their eyes to it.
Back to each other.

ADAM
Okay, what the fuck is this!?

Adam looks around the bar.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Am I on camera here or what?

The rest of the bar is at a standstill. It's as if everyone
and everything around the table is on PAUSE.

Adam notices. Fear as he turns back to the smiling Irish.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Who... who are you?

A twinkle in Irish's eye.

IRISH
Good question. Good question! I'm
your maker, Adam, young man. I'm
God!

Nervous laughter from Adam.

ADAM
Fuck off!

IRISH
You'll be surprised how often
that's the reply, you really would
be.

ADAM
So I'm... I'm dead?

IRISH
Not yet son. You've got a chance to
get away from that.

Irish stands.

EXT. PUB - DAY

Everyone around the pub are PAUSED. Stuck, mid-motion, just like the people inside.

Adam stands with Irish at the door of the pub.

ADAM

So what sort of a job do I need to get?

IRISH

Whatever job you can get, Adam.
It's Two-Thirty now, the clock's ticking.

Adam's eyes dart around as the PEOPLE around him continue their actions. Back to life.

He looks to where Irish was --

-- but he's gone.

IRISH (V.O.)

One hour, son, that's all you've got.

Adam wipes his brow with the back of his hand, pulls out his pack of cigarettes and pops one into his mouth.

He lights the cigarette as he walks along.

INT. NEWSAGENT - DAY

RAD (30s, Indian) stands behind the counter in the empty store.

The bell sounds from the door as Adam walks inside.

RAD

You? What do you want?

FLASHBACK - BLACK AND WHITE

Adam stands with a group of MATES in the corner.

They all laugh as Adam grabs a bottle of vodka and slides it into his coat.

They run to the exit and barge through.

Rad spots them and darts around the counter.

RAD
You thieving bastards! You come
back here, now!

He opens the door and runs after them, shaking his fist.

END FLASHBACK

Adam takes a deep breath, fighting his embarrassment.

ADAM
I really need a jo --

RAD
I told you never to come back here
you thieving little bastard. Now
get out!

ADAM
But, I --

Rad runs out from behind the counter, towards Adam.

Adam turns and runs for his life out the door.

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

TONY STONE (40s) bends over the open bonnet of a car.

Adam walks up behind him, head hung low.

ADAM
Hi Dad.

Tony looks over his shoulder, gets back to work.

TONY
How did the interview go?

Adam looks away.

TONY (CONT'D)
(after a beat)
Didn't go, eh?

ADAM
Dad, you know that job you offered
me?

Tony chuckles, turning around.

TONY
You mean the one you would rather
drink your own piss than take?

INT. STONE HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - BLACK AND WHITE (FLASHBACK)

Adam lies on the sofa. He watches a DAY-TIME CHAT SHOW on
the television.

Tony stands over him.

TONY
Come on Son, it's the family
business!

Adam completely ignores his Dad.

TONY (CONT'D)
At least give it a go. For a week?

Adam sighs, visibly irritated by the intrusion to his day's
relaxation.

ADAM
Dad, to be fair I would rather
drink a pint of my own piss than
work in that shit hole.

Tony's mouth opens in shock. Gets to his feet, fists raised.

EXT. GARAGE - DAY (END FLASHBACK)

Adam nods, looking sheepish.

ADAM
I really need a job, Dad.

Tony strokes his chin.

TONY
You were right first time son, it
wouldn't work out.

ADAM
I'll work hard Dad, honest.

Tony waits for the punchline with a smile... shakes his head
and turns back to the car.

TONY

Right you are son. Have a pint for me, will ya?

Adam moves to reply but stops. Turns away.

ADAM

Will do, Dad.

Tony shakes his head under the bonnet.

INT. PUB - DAY

Adam sits at the bar, draining his pint.

The Barman walks over to him.

BARMAN

Another?

Adam nods, turning his gaze to the clock on the wall. It shows Three Twenty-Five.

ADAM

You believe in God, mate?

The Barman smiles, handing over the pint and taking some money from Adam.

BARMAN

God? You think you've had enough for one day?

ADAM

Forget about it.

Adam, close to tears as he takes a long gulp from his drink.

His eyes wander the pub, until they fall on a HELP WANTED poster, right in front of him.

A smile creeps over Adam's face.

ADAM

Here mate, that sign 'Help wanted'? I really need a job.

The Barman smiles, shaking his head.

BARMAN

You wouldn't be interested.

ADAM

Come on, I'm interested. I need a job!

BARMAN

Okay, well you can start right away if you like.

Adam grins. Drains his lager.

INT. BAR, TOILET - DAY

Adam stands with a bucket and sponge in one of the dirtiest, filthiest toilets ever seen.

The Barman leads him into a cubicle.

BARMAN

Now, you really need to get right in there. There's some gloves by the sink.

The Barman turns and walks out.

Adam's eyes fall on a pair of manky rubber gloves rolled up in a ball by the sink.

His face pales.

LATER

Adam, on his knees, scrubs the toilet bowl.

Footsteps nearby.

ADAM

Here mate, toilets are closed for cleaning. Just be a few more minutes.

IRISH (O.S.)

I'm proud of ya son.

Adam gets up and walks out the cubicle.

Irish grins, dressed up in an Italian suit.

IRISH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You got yourself a job. A pretty shitty one, but a job all the same.

ADAM

What now? You'll leave me alone?

Irish grins.

IRISH

As long as you keep it. You've
always gotta have a job, or else it
won't be me coming back.

Irish turns to the mirror and straightens out his hair.

IRISH (CONT'D)

How do I look?

Adam shakes his head and goes back to the toilet. Scrubs
away.

Irish spits on his hands and flattens his hair and beard out
further.

Gives a wink to the mirror.

IRISH (CONT'D)

You look after yourself, Adam.

Irish walks out.

INT. PUB

Two GORGEOUS BLONDS wait for Irish. They flash pearly white
smiles as he walks out the door marked 'GENTS'.

IRISH

Girls, I think that lad's gonna be
okay.

He puts an arm around each girl.

The three of them walk towards the exit.

FADE OUT.