

COMING OUT TAVERN

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FADE IN:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Numerous world-famous spirits lined up on a shelf in front of an illuminated mirror.

A bald-headed BARKEEPER, wears black and white service attire, polishes two whiskey tumblers. He keeps an eye on his two guests at the long bar:

SCOTT, 36, blemished pale skin, black spiky haircut, slouches upon a barstool. His elbow rests on the wood top while he drinks the half-filled whiskey in two gulps.

GREGORY, 30, blonde, inconspicuously dressed, raises an eyebrow from the next stool.

GREGORY

A time traveler...

SCOTT

Few people do so, I know.

Scott lifts two fingers ahead, the Barkeeper nods.

GREGORY

Yep. Not many. Whatever. Play your game, time traveler.

Gregory stands up, places twenty dollar beside his beer glass, and turns away, as Scott grasps his arm.

SCOTT

Do you know why time travelers are almost only alcoholics and other drug addicts today?

GREGORY

Because they're bonkers?

SCOTT

It's the only reason to come here. Apart of that, your legacy is known as a disgrace in the history books.

The Barkeeper serves alert-eyed two whiskeys on the rocks.

SCOTT

(to Gregory)

The place where I belong,  
there's prohibition again. So  
we come here to get sloshed  
and spend some free time.

GREGORY

Don't let me stand in your  
way.

Gregory breaks free from the grasp. Scott's look turns peacefully away, focuses the fresh drinks at the bar.

SCOTT

I buy you a drink. Sit down.

GREGORY

Sorry, I could hardly ever  
drink enough to join a  
conversation with a time  
traveler.

SCOTT

Then, I buy your time.

GREGORY

You look like your own bill  
will be seriously enough.

Scott pulls out a hundred dollar note, stuffs it into Gregory's shirt pocket.

GREGORY

A little sip can't be bad.

Gregory drinks, looks at the Barkeeper who polishes some glasses. The Barkeeper shrugs, shakes his head. Gregory takes seat at the barstool.

GREGORY

Okay, I accept your immoral  
proposal. For about barely  
one hour. Ah, I'll regret  
this.

He takes out the bill, proves its genuineness, and puts it into his wallet.

SCOTT

I think we'll have some fun.

Scott takes a gulp, stares down at the whiskey.

SCOTT

I'm Scott. Are you gay?

GREGORY

What?!

SCOTT

Are you gay?

Gregory pupils dilate.

SCOTT

You hesitate...?

GREGORY

Are you interested?

SCOTT

Good answer.

GREGORY

No, I'm not gay. I had a girl. She broke up.

SCOTT

It's okay. I'm gay, too.

GREGORY

Man. Hard work for 100 bucks.

SCOTT

Yeah, hard work.

Scott smiles, raises his drink. They chink glasses.

LATER

Gregory bangs his glass on the bar, grimaces.

GREGORY  
(half-drunk)  
Anything humans can imagine  
is possible!

Scott slaps his glass on the bar.

SCOTT  
Anything humans can imagine  
is possible. And will happen.  
A few simple drawings, books  
of Verne and-

Scott stretches his arm in the air, clenches a fist.

SCOTT  
- To the moon. A bit  
literature of Wells, a bit of  
The Time Machine, Back To The  
Future - and Lola runs. It's  
fucking possible, my friend.

GREGORY  
Fine. So let me know, mad  
dog, how does it work?

SCOTT  
Pff, you would have to give  
me back these 100 bucks.

GREGORY  
No way.

They smile at each other.

SCOTT  
(to Barkeeper)  
Give us four or five glasses.

The Barkeeper looks astonished.

SCOTT  
Empty ones. Sounds like an  
extra tip?!

Scott takes his shirtsleeve, wipes some fliers away from  
the table surface.

The Barkeeper puts five polished glasses down. Scott turns them around. He places his hand on the glass floors.

SCOTT

The whole timeframe of  
existence. Could be more --  
makes no difference.

GREGORY

Check.

SCOTT

Existence has a definition.  
Not minutes, seconds,  
moments. That's just human  
realization as matter  
themselves. Velocity.  
Velocity is the only element.

GREGORY

You mean hidden dimensions,  
warp, curvature and stuff?

SCOTT

Exactly. It's like a book,  
with the difference you just  
can read it backwards.

Scott raises his finger by the way. The Barkeeper notices the call, goes to work.

SCOTT

If you're fast enough to  
enter the universe's  
curvature-

Scott recognizes he loses Gregory.

SCOTT

- Your Zeitgeist, you already  
know the exact term. It's a  
travel. The universe is  
traveling itself.

Scott lines up the glasses. He taps his nail at the last one far right.

SCOTT

Presence. Not important when.

Scott taps on the next glass.

SCOTT

Traveling universe before.

Scott taps on the next one.

SCOTT

Traveling universe before.

GREGORY

Why not step forward?

SCOTT

Would be the theory of  
everything...

They clink their fresh served whiskeys, drink.

SCOTT

If there's just the  
imagination to find the  
potential future  
curvature,...

Scott picks the glass at the far left (of the upside down ones) up and places it at the far right, beside the whole line, next to the glass he defined as presence.

SCOTT

...traveling forward will be  
possible.

GREGORY

Yeah, then you would be part  
of the past, same as we are.  
Hard stuff.

(strongly  
intoxicated)

Okay, Mister time travel.  
I've listened bravely. So,  
what's your machine? How do  
you do what you do?

Gregory takes his whiskey, nips the last sip and...

SCOTT

Well, I step through a  
stargate.

... Gregory spits the whiskey across the table top. He  
shakes with LAUGHTER upon his stool. He almost falls down,  
grabs the bar at the last moment.

SCOTT

All of your body's matter  
disappears and rides with the  
curvature.

Gregory weeps for joy.

GREGORY

And, and what is it made of?

He brushes his tears away, is all smiles.

GREGORY

Such a magnetic field?

SCOTT

It glimmers, yes. Are you  
familiar with computers? I  
mean, the technical process?

GREGORY

Nah, just use it.

SCOTT

Same here. I'm not a  
scientist. I'm a traveler. I  
use it. Don't know how this  
shit works, but it does. It  
glimmers, flickers, and  
connects two points of the  
traveling universe with a  
particulate decomposition.  
That's everything I know.

The Barkeeper serves new whiskey. They drink.

Gregory hands Scott the 100 dollar.

GREGORY

Here. You don't have to pay me. Good story.

SCOTT

Thanks, bro. I know I shouldn't, but I'll prepare a stargate for you. Is one year okay for you?

Gregory stands up, weaves to Scott, and puts the arm on Scott's shoulder.

GREGORY

Sounds perfect, Sir! Haha... Should I bear something in mind? On my travel?

SCOTT

No. Referring to the public fear, that time travel can take bad influence on the future... You don't have to worry. Everything is stable.

Scott taps on the glass which he defined as presence.

SCOTT

That's our life. It's there. Yours and mine.

GREGORY

Scott, Scott, Scott. It's such an honor that you invite me for a time travel. I appreciate, but leave now to... hospital. Time travel is your privilege, my friend.

Gregory weaves away, as Scotts raises his glass.

SCOTT

That's yours.

Gregory dashes against the entrance door, rushes outside.

The entrance door slowly swings shut.

The Barkeeper polishes two more glasses in his calm and gentle way. Scott holds his hand on his forehead, makes another call:

SCOTT

One more.

Scott drinks, the ice cubes slip down to his mouth. He bangs the tumbler on the tabletop while the barkeeper prepares a new glass with ice. We watch them while...

FADE TO BLACK

FADE FROM BLACK  
TO DAZZLING LIGHT

INT. CORRIDOR - APARTMENTBUILDING - DAY

Gregory's bright silhouette becomes clear. He lies on the tile floor. An OLD LADY crouches down beside him.

INT. STAIRWAY - APARTMENTBUILDING - DAY

Gregory steps upwards, collides with the walls.

INT. BATHROOM - APARTMENT - DAY

Gregory is reflected in the mirror. His face is swollen, pale. He MOANS, grabs into a cosmetic case, swallows two aspirin and throws some water on his face.

INT. LIVING ROOM - GREGORY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Gregory walks through the clean room, falls into the bed.

LATER

Gregory lies in bed. The DOORBELL RINGS. Gregory pulls the blanket over his head. It rings again. He gets up, strides across the living room. He enters the apartment corridor, opens the door and sees the Old Lady.

OLD LADY

Hey, boy. Are you feeling any better?

Gregory hides his naked upper body behind the door.

GREGORY

Wrong time, Mrs. Dorner. I'll  
call you up this evening.

He pushes the door close, pulls it back fast. He stares ahead, paralyzed with fear - breaks down - crawls backwards against the corridor wall while he holds the hands in front of the mouth.

GREGORY

What the hell, Holy God! You-  
Mrs. Dorner, I was at your-

OLD LADY

Gregory? What happened to  
you? Have you done wrong?  
Come on, I'll help you-

- Gregory kicks the door shut, crawls along the corridor into the living room. He takes an irritated look around.

GREGORY

That pale fucker...

He crawls to the table, takes a picture from the top, which shows a PRETTY 20'S GIRL. He touches some women clothes which hang on a chair.

GREGORY

IT IS NOT POSSIBLE! It is-

He hyperventilates. A CELLPHONE RINGS. He crawls to the couch, takes the call ... listens.

GREGORY

I fuck you. Fuck yourself.  
You fired me you peace of  
shit. I just have to wake up.

He throws the phone away. He slaps himself one, two, three times, doesn't work.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The Barkeeper polishes glasses behind the counter. Gregory, on the other side, talks insistently to him. The Barkeeper shrugs, lifts his arms.

Gregory grabs a tumbler out of the Barkeeper's hand, puts it upside down on the bar. The Barkeeper shakes his head.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Gregory sits on a bench while resting his chin on the fists. His pupils become clearer and clearer. He stands up.

INT. CORRIDOR - (ANOTHER) APARTMENTBUILDING - DAY

Gregory drops a basket in front of a door. The PRETTY 20'S PICTURE lies on some clothes. Gregory goes away.

INT. CORRIDOR - GREGORY'S APARTMENTBUILDING - DAY

Gregory waits with a bunch of flowers in front of a door. Mrs. Dorner opens, she smiles.

INT. MRS. DORNER'S APARTMENT

Gregory and Mrs. Dorner drink coffee and play cards.

INT. GREGORY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Gregory watches NBA on television. He swings round on his desk chair, sees on a notebook screen A LIVE BETTING SITE.

GREGORY

(mutters)

I must be crazy.

He taps on the touchpad, claps his hands, turns back to TV.

GREGORY

Let's go Miami! ...

Yeeesss!!!

ON TV - MIAMI'S FANS FLIP OUT. THE PLAYERS JUMP FOR JOY.

GREGORY

I'm rich. Thanks, Scott.

MONTAGE

Gregory dances, ALONE, boozed, in colorful disco spotlight. He throws dollars in the air.

Gregory, dressed in an impeccable dark suit, walks along the sidewalk grabs the door of a restaurant.

A dish of haut cuisine. Gregory smiles down.

MONTAGE ENDS

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Gregory, wears his new black bespoke-suit, comes inside the empty bar. He strides straight to the long bar.

GREGORY  
Whiskey, please.

BARKEEPER  
You're looking excellent,  
Mister. It seems you're  
problems are solved.

Gregory nods, turns away, strides to the restroom without taking notice of Scott, who sits at a small table far away.

Scott writes something on paper.

INT. RESTROOM - NIGHT

Gregory takes a piss at the urinal, as Scott comes inside and steps right beside Gregory.

GREGORY  
Fuck! Scott! I thought we met  
in a year, not after a week.

SCOTT  
At first, finish peeing,  
Gregory.

GREGORY  
I can't any more, now.

SCOTT  
I know. That's why I'm here.  
Or something like that.

Gregory can't piss anymore. He closes the zip of his pants while Scott lights a cigarette.

SCOTT

So, you still hesitate. All that money, but no courage to be yourself...

GREGORY

I am myself.

SCOTT

No. You're not... You're still the boy who got a boner when he lay next to his best friend Timmy in the summer camp. That's who you are.

Gregory is shocked.

SCOTT

You broke up this time?

GREGORY

I did. She wasn't for me.

Scott steps away from the urinal, right towards Gregory.

SCOTT

You're a lucky guy. I talked to Timmy. He loves you, too.

Gregory's lips form a shy smile - eyes full of joy.

SCOTT

I like you so much, but I have to send you back before I do something wrong. Timmy and you, you both had your chance. You both decided to live another life. And helping you that way wouldn't be right. I can't decide you live another life than you're supposed to. I cannot play God and I don't want to have trouble with the Lord. You know: People deserve their own fate and their own lives. So, we got a big problem.

GREGORY

Okay. But, why all this,  
Scott? Just tell me why.

SCOTT

It was a mistake of mine. I  
was bored and drunk and...  
careless. I did it for the  
first time. Now I pray to God  
he will forgive me for my  
sin. I'd never have been  
allowed you to make this  
experience. You're a good  
guy, that's who you are. Even  
if you'll never life what you  
love, you'll never be as  
selfish as I am. Sorry, bro.

Scott exhales a smoke cloud. Gregory coughs. Scott takes a  
laser-pointer, and as he presses the button - a glimmering  
red wall appears in the fume.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Gregory comes out of the restroom, no noble suit, just his  
ordinary dress. He sits down at the bar where half a glass  
of beer waits for him.

Gregory glances at Scott, who sits many stools away at the  
end of the long bar. Scott doesn't react, clearly playing  
his own game now.

Gregory drinks his beer. He places twenty dollars beside  
the empty glass and turns away, as-

BARKEEPER

Mister! Is this yours?

Between the flyers lies an envelope lettered with bold  
types: Gregory.

GREGORY

Hm, my name?!

He sits down, opens. Bold easily readable WORDS:  
"Gregory! It's me, Timmy. I love you and always will. We  
can start a life, together, if you want to!"

Gregory nearly collapses. He holds his hand on his mouth.  
Tears run down his face.

BARKEEPER

Are you all right, Mister?

GREGORY

No. I'm not. Because, I love  
him, too. I really - I love  
him.

BARKEEPER

But that's wonderful

GREGORY

Yes. It is.

Gregory stares at the letter, can't put his eyes off.

At the end of the long bar, pale Scott mutters:

SCOTT

I'm a sinner. Please forgive  
me what I've done.

The Barkeeper looks at Scott. Scott looks at Gregory.  
Gregory shines. He has his fate in his hands.

SCOTT

(aggressive)  
ONE MORE!

FADE OUT.

THE END