The Competition

Ву

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INT. GOLF CLUB BAR - DAY

The old wooden bar area is quiet. OLD MEN sit alone at a few of the tables.

Through the windows the lush grass of a golf course can be seen.

The sun casts a shadow along the wooden floorboards.

A blackboard on the wall reads "Sunday Lunch - £5".

A burly BARMAN stands behind the beer pumps. He leans forward, rests his arms on the bar top and smiles at us.

BARMAN Lads eh? We're a funny breed.

He chuckles and grabs a dish cloth from under the bar. Wipes the bar top clean.

BARMAN I mean--obviously I'm not wanting to stereotype, but the majority...the majority love a bit of banter. A bit of competition.

He looks to the door. MARK and RICH, both early thirties, walk in. They're both blokey-blokes and wear loud golf clothes. The barman smiles at them.

Rich rubs Mark's shaved bald head with jest.

RICH Get the beers in then, ya loser.

Mark shakes his head and gives a nod to the barman.

MARK

Alright mate? Two pints of lager.

The barman returns his nod and walks to the side of the bar. Picks up two pint glasses. He pulls the tap down.

He gestures for us to move closer with his head.

BARMAN

These two look like a fine example.

He looks over his shoulder at the pair, then smiles at us, he looks back again. Puts the full pint on the bar and starts the other one without effort. In the B.G. Rich mimes a golf swing. Holds his hand above his eyes, searches left, right, up and ... down. Ah, he missed the ball. He slaps his hand to his forehead, then stretches his arms out wide.

Mark shakes his head as Rich LAUGHS with joy.

The barman lets out a chuckle. Looks back to us and raises an eye-brow.

BARMAN I suggest you keep an eye on these two. If they're taking the piss already, just wait 'til they've had a few pints down them.

He carries the two pints over to the pair and collects the money.

They both pick up their separate pints and head to a -

CORNER TABLE

- They sit down.

They both take huge gulps of their drink and put them on the table at the same time. Both around a third gone. They let out a quenched SIGH.

Rich looks at Mark with a wry smile. Mark frowns.

MARK

What?

Rich continues to smile. Mark takes a gulp of his drink.

MARK Fucking what?

Rich LAUGHS and shakes his head.

RICH I'm just wondering how you've got the balls to still be here. That was absolutely atrocious golf, man.

Mark takes another gulp and shrugs his shoulders.

MARK Well, every dog has it's day don't it? (takes another gulp) (MORE) MARK (cont'd) At least that's what your lass keeps saying.

They both grin.

Rich's eyes fall on Mark's almost finished pint. He frowns and takes a long swig of his own. Puts it down, level.

MARK

Anyway, I slaughtered you at snooker last week. What was your highest break again?

Mark finishes his pint. LAUGHS at Rich's deepened frown.

MARK I know you're no good at maths, so get the pints in while you work it out, eh?

Rich scowls down at Mark's empty glass. Downs the half left in his and carries the empties over to the bar.

MOMENTS LATER

Two fresh pints on the table. They pick them up and both take a long gulp. Put them down together. Half empty.

MARK

So you worked it out yet?

Rich taps his meaty fingers on the table top and shakes his head.

RICH I wasn't counting. Probably about the same as Man U put away against your lot.

They both LAUGH.

MARK Don't get me onto football, son. You know it'll end in tears, ya Mackem get. (a beat) At least you're not the worst Premiership team of all time any more, eh?

Mark raises his glass and lets the lager pour down his throat. SLAMS the empty onto the table.

Rich scowls again at the empty glass. He downs his.

MARK (laughing) God, you lot are shit.

Rich hangs his head. Defeated.

RICH

Fair enough, your round though.

Mark looks down at the two empty glasses and nods.

MOMENTS LATER

Two fresh pints on the table. Two short glasses of Whisky keep them company.

They pick up the short glasses and down the Whisky.

SLAM the empties back on the table.

Rich COUGHS roughly. Mark LAUGHS.

MARK

Struggling there son?

Mark pats Rich's back. Rich pushes his arm away and clears his throat.

He picks up his pint and stands up.

RICH Darts, ya wanker!

Mark stands up and takes a swig of his pint on the way.

INT. DARTS AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Mark leans against the wall. Sips his pint as he watches -

RICH

- line up his throw.

He throws the three darts in quick succession. The THUDS suggest he's hit the wall with all three.

BACK TO SCENE

Mark GUFFAWS. Slaps the wall in pleasure.

Rich walks over, beetroot red.

RICH Shite game anyway.

He walks off to the table.

Mark smiles and finishes his pint. He follows.

MARK(O.C) Arrows son, arrows.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. GOLF CLUB BAR - LATER

Sixteen empty short glasses fill the bar.

Rich and Mark sway in their chairs. They both hold full short glasses. Somehow they manage not to spill them...just. The barman stands between them behind the bar.

They eye each other like gladiators.

In one they down their shorts.

SLAM them down on the bar.

Rich falls onto the bar top, manages to keep himself up with his elbow.

The barman LAUGHS as Mark holds up two fingers to him. Mark's eyes squint and stare at Rich.

> MARK (very slurred) Two more Whisky's mate.

Rich's eyes widen. He gulps. Straightens himself up.

BARMAN You sure you haven't had enough there lads?

Mark turns in his chair. Almost falls off, then looks offended at the barman.

The corner of the barman's mouth curves into a smile. He gives us a look.

BARMAN Righteo lads, how about I just get ya's the bottle?

Mark slaps the table. He smiles at the barman.

MARK I've always said you were a good bloke.

The barman LAUGHS and fetches the bottle. SLAMS it on the bar top and walks out from behind.

He walks around the bar and collects empty glasses.

In the B.G. Mark pours two fresh shorts from the bottle. They both hold them unsteady as before.

The barman looks to us with a SIGH.

BARMAN Ya see, lads love a good contest. I guess some people would say it goes back to the caveman days.

He stacks the pint glasses as he walks. Deep in thought, forehead burrowed.

In the B.G. they down their shorts. Both fall off their chairs with a THUMP THUMP.

The barman looks over his shoulder then to us. A smile on his face as he shrugs.

BARMAN Not me though, I think we're just a bunch of tossers.

FADE OUT