The Honeymoon is Over

Ву

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Inspired by Irvine Welsh's 'Acid House'

(c)2009

ste_spike@yahoo.co.uk Blyth, Northumberland ENGLAND INT. BAR - NIGHT

The crowded, old-fashioned room is filled with BANTER.

Four OLD MEN sit around a rickety old wooden table, playing dominoes. Real ale their poison.

Two YOUNG LADS play pool.

A loud JINGLE from a fruit machine, then what sounds like a thousand coins being unleashed.

SAM (mid 20s), average build, average looks, bends down and collects his winnings.

He stands and pockets the coins, as -

MARY (early 20s), plain but heavily made-up, walks towards him. Heavily pregnant. She stops by his side.

Sam bites his lip not taking his gaze from the fruit machine. Picks up his pint from the top and takes a long swig.

MARY

Hi Sam.

No response.

MARY (CONT'D) How have you been?

Sam takes another swig, reaches into his pocket and slots a coin into the fruit machine.

MARY (CONT'D) I think we need to talk.

Sam lets out a BITTER LAUGH. Taps away at the buttons on the machine.

MARY (CONT'D) I'm going to call him Sam.

The first sign of interest. He fights it, but can't help a -

SAM

Him?

Mary smiles. Lets her hand fall to her bump.

MARY

Yeah.

Sam glances to her...down to the bump.

SAM

He mine?

Mary rolls her eyes.

MARY Of course he's yours.

Sam slams his fist on the button and turns to face her. He moves to speak but stops himself. Looks her up and down with contempt.

MARY (CONT'D) What's that look for?

SAM I'd say it's a valid question to ask...considering -

MARY Considering what? I've never cheated on you Sam.

Sam LAUGHS.

SAM Yeah and Newcastle are going to win the Premiership this year.

Mary looks to her feet. Glances back up to Sam...smiles again.

MARY Buy me a drink?

Another LAUGH from Sam. Mary bites her bottom lip. Sam shakes his head.

SAM What you having?

Mary puts her hand on Sam's. Looks him in the eye.

MARY

Thanks, Sam.

A defeated smile from Sam.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Sam (early 20s) and Mary (late teens, heavily pregnant) walk out the doors in wedding garb. Rice flies over them. Their smiles beam.

They stop, turn to face each other and kiss.

A FLASH! as a picture is taken.

FREEZE FRAME

SUPER: TWO YEARS AGO

INT. SOCIAL CLUB - DAY

Packed with PEOPLE of all different ages. Everyone sits around tables filled with empty and full glasses of alcohol.

Sam and Mary sit at the head table.

BRIAN (late 30s) stands beside Mary in a smart suit. He's slim, but muscular. Looks like he could handle himself if needed. His eyes suggest he likes to find out more often than needed.

BRIAN (to everyone in the room) The first time I met Sam, I didn't think much of him.

He lets out a LAUGH, glancing down to Sam. Mary kisses Sam's cheek.

BRIAN (CONT'D) But after getting to know the lad, he's of a pretty decent sort. I'm confident he'll look after our Mary... after all, he's not a daft lad.

Brian takes a long swig from a bottle of beer. Eyes fixed on Sam.

BRIAN (CONT'D) (to Sam) Are ya, son?

Sam shakes his head. Brian nods, looks back out front.

BRIAN (CONT'D) Ya see, us Tynedale's are a simple breed; We look after our own. One of us in need? We all come running. His eyes fall back to Sam. BRIAN (CONT'D) If there's one thing you can say about me, it's I'm a family man. So as long as Sam here treats my princess right, he'll be alright in my book. Sam forces a smile to Brian. Brian winks and picks up a glass of bubbly. BRIAN (CONT'D) To the happy couple. To Sam and Mary. Everyone in the room raises their glasses. EVERYONE To Sam and Mary. Mary and Sam share a smile, then a long, wet kiss. INT. SAM AND MARY'S FLAT, BEDROOM - NIGHT Basic -- ok, I'm being nice... the place is a shit-hole. SUPER: THE HONEYMOON IS OVER Sam sits on the bed. Watches Mary put on her make-up in front of the full length mirror. She wears a short, revealing dress. SAM Who you going out with? Mary pouts her lips and applies her lipstick. MARY Just the girls. His gaze moves up her slim, well toned legs... to her bare back.

SAM You look nice.

Mary ignores him.

SAM (CONT'D) You could always just stay in. You've been out the last three nights in a row.

Mary rips off a sheet of toilet paper and kisses it.

MARY You can go out tomorrow night, Sam.

SAM That's what you said last night.

Mary turns around.

MARY Don't be an arse, okay?

Sam raises his eyebrows, taken aback.

SAM Don't be an arse? What d'ya mean by that?

Mary shakes her head and walks out the room. Sam jumps up and follows her into -

INT. SAM AND MARY'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Pulls her back around to face him.

SAM I said, what did you mean by that?

Mary looks him square in the eyes.

MARY I mean, take it easy. I'm twenty fucking years old. I'm not gonna be staying in, watching Coron-fucking-ation Street, okay?

Sam leers and points to the OTHER BEDROOM.

SAM In case you've forgotten, you've got a daughter in there.

Mary raises her hand, covering his face and turns. Walks out the door. SLAMS it shut.

A BABY CRIES (O.S.)

Sam's face screws up with anger.

SAM

Shit!

He paces back and forward. The baby CRIES GET LOUDER.

SAM

Shit!

He walks into the other bedroom.

SAM (O.S) It's okay, baby. Daddy's here.

The cries subside.

LATER

Sam sits in a chair, facing the door.

LOUD CACKLING and the JINGLE OF KEYS.

Sam stands up. Takes a deep breath.

The door opens and Mary falls inside. She's paralytic.

MARY You're up late!

She SQUEALS with laughter and stumbles into the -

INT. SAM AND MARY'S FLAT, BATHROOM

Pushes up her skirt and her knickers down. Sits on the toilet.

The door opens and Sam walks in.

SAM (hushed tones) Do you have any idea what time it is?

MARY Fuck off, Sam.

Sam glares at her.

SAM Fuck off? It's half past fucking three, Mary! Where you been? The pub fucking shuts at twelve! She ignores him. Sam strides towards her. SAM I said, where have you fucking been? A BABY CRIES (O.S.) Mary turns her face away from him. He squats down and grabs her face. Turns her gaze back to him. She spits on his face. Sam raises his hand to slap her...stops himself. Mary CACKLES. MARY Fucking loser. She stands up and lowers her skirt. Moves her face right into Sam's. MARY (CONT'D) Go on, fucking hit me. Go on! Sam clenches his teeth. Turns and storms out into -INT. SAM AND MARY'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM Paces back and forth. Mary walks out of the bathroom with a lewd grin. MARY (CONT'D) Haven't got the fucking bottle have va? Sam stops. Glares at her. SAM Don't push me, Mary.

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MARY Can't even hit me like a man, never mind anything else. She turns, LAUGHS, when --SLAP! She falls to the ground, holding her cheek. Sam looms over her. His breath heavy as he glares down at her. Mary's eyes burn with anger. MARY (CONT'D) You fucking bastard. You're fucking dead, you know that? Fucking dead! She stumbles to her feet. Sam runs his hands through his hair. Walks to the sofa and sits down. Mary walks around the room, collecting clothes. Stuffs them into a baq. She walks to the door, stops and turns to face Sam. MARY (CONT'D) When my dad finds out about this, he's going to fucking kill you! She walks out the door. SLAMS it shut. Sam lowers his head into his hands. The baby CRIES get louder. Sam looks to the bedroom door, stands up and walks through. INT. SAM AND MARY'S FLAT, BABY'S BEDROOM Pink wallpaper. A cot sits in the middle of the room. Sam walks to the cot and takes EMILY in his arms, with a gentle touch. He rocks her in his arms as he 'shushes' her.

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SAM Every thing's going to be okay, baby. His eyes well with tears. He fights them as his face reddens. SAM (CONT'D) I'm going to look after you, Emily, okay? You don't need that -- you don't need your mummy, you've got me. Okay? Tears roll down his cheeks. Emily looks up at him, quiet now, she lets out a GIGGLE. Sam's face melts with joy. SAM (CONT'D) We'll be okay, Emily. We'll be okay. Alright? He takes a seat in the corner of the room. Rocks Emily to sleep. Soon, his eyes close too. EXT. SAM AND MARY'S FLAT - DAY Over a rundown street, the sun hangs low, casting the sky in the pink of a sun rise. Mary and Brian stride along the path. Brian pulls her by her wrist. They stop outside the flat. Brian looks up to the window. BRIAN Sam! Sam, get down here now! Mary stands by his side, looking rough with an impressive black eye. INT. SAM AND MARY'S FLAT, BABY'S BEDROOM Sam jerks awake. Looks down at Emily, still asleep in his arms. He walks over to the cot and rests her down.

BRIAN (O.S) Sam, get the fuck down here!

Sam glances to the window, then down to Emily...closes his eyes.

EXT. SAM AND MARY'S FLAT

Brian paces back and forward. Mary sits on the wall, facing away from the flat.

Sam walks out the door. Brian turns to him and stops.

SAM Listen Brian, I can explain.

Brian pulls Mary to her feet by her wrist. Holds her towards Sam.

BRIAN You can fucking explain? Go on then...explain giving my fucking daughter a black eye.

SAM Emily's asleep in there, Brian. Can we just discuss this?

Brian pushes Mary towards the flat.

BRIAN Go take care of the kid, Mary.

Mary grins at Sam as she struts past him. Sam runs his hand through his hair.

SAM Brian, I lost my temper. I'm sorry, okay? It's just she'd been out three nights in a row. She didn't get back till fucking three o' clock. I didn't know where she was, and...and --

Brian smiles. Strides towards Sam. Sam backs up with apprehension.

BRIAN And lost ya fucking temper?

Brian backhands Sam in the face.

Sam covers his face.

BRIAN (CONT'D) Lost ya fucking temper? On a lass?

Brian sends two brutal jabs to Sam's midsection. Sam doubles over.

Brian knees him in the face. Sends Sam to the ground.

Brian snarls down at Sam. Piles kicks into his stomach.

BRIAN (CONT'D) Not on my fucking daughter you don't, Sam. Fucking got it?

The beating ends. Sam breathes heavy. Brian smirks a little. Tilts his head, looking down at Sam.

> BRIAN (CONT'D) I said, 'you fucking got it?'.

Sam struggles to his feet. Blood dribbles from his nose. He nods to Brian.

Brian nods and turns away from the house. Marches down the path.

BRIAN (CONT'D) Then go take care of my fucking daughter and grandkid.

Sam rests back against the wall of his flat. Closes his eyes.

INT. SAM AND MARY'S FLAT, BATHROOM

Mary in the shower.

INT. SAM AND MARY'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM

Sam enters and scans the room for Mary.

Walks through to -

INT. SAM AND MARY'S FLAT, BEDROOM

Opens the wardrobe and pulls out a hold-all. Lays it on the bed and unzips it.

Walks back to the wardrobe and clutches a random selection of clothes.

Puts them in the bag. Zips it up and strides out.

INT. SAM AND MARY'S FLAT, BABY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Hold-all over his shoulder, Sam bends down at the cot and picks up Emily.

SAM Shh, baby. We're going to Grandma Jean's. Shh.

Mary appears at the door with a towel wrapped around her naked body.

MARY Where are you going?

Sam turns to face her. Holds Emily close to his chest.

SAM I'm -- We're going to my mam's. I'm not letting her be around a pisshead like you anymore.

MARY You can go wherever you like, but you're not taking my fucking baby, Sam.

Sam takes a deep breath, picks up the baby bag and fills it with some diapers and a bottle. Walks to the door.

Mary blocks his way. Gets into his face.

MARY (CONT'D) Not with my fucking baby, Sam!

Sam avoids eye contact. Stays calm.

SAM Let me past Mary.

Mary slaps his cheek with all her force. Knocks his head to the side.

He looks her in the eyes.

SAM (CONT'D)

Let me past.

She doesn't back down. Sam pushes past her.

Mary turns and pulls Sam's hair back. He lets out a GRUNT.

Sam staggers over to the couch. Just manages to rest Emily down. He flips Mary over onto her back on the floor, but without force. She jumps up and slaps his face. Sam raises his hand to slap her...stops. Mary LAUGHS. Slaps him, hard, right across the cheek. MARY He would have fucking killed you if it wasn't for me, Sam. Sam rubs his cheek, glaring at Mary with disgust. She slaps his other cheek. MARY (CONT'D) What's the matter? Lost your bottle? Mary walks right up to him, letting her towel drop to the floor. Sam turns his gaze from her as she licks up his cheek. SAM For god's sake Mary, the bairn's

She jumps on his back and scratches at his neck.

She moves her lips to his ear. Whispers.

MARY

Faggot!

right here.

She lets her gaze linger on Sam... brushes past him and into her bedroom.

Sam stays frozen to the spot, eyes fixed on Emily. The door in front of him so close.

He walks over to the sofa and picks her up. Cradles her in his arms. His eyes on the hold-all in the middle of the floor.

LATER

Mary emerges from her room, fully clothed.

The living room is empty. The hold-all is gone.

MARY

Sam?

She looks around, panicked.

EXT. JEAN'S HOUSE - DAY

A nice, suburban street.

Sam walks to the door with Emily in her push chair. His hold-all over his shoulder.

Rings the doorbell.

After a moment, the door opens and JEAN (late 40s, homely) smiles out at them.

JEAN Hi Son, come in. Come in.

She turns and walks inside.

INT. JEAN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - LATER

Jean sits with Emily on her knee. Her horrified eyes fixed on Sam.

JEAN I told you she was no good. Her and that entire family, Sam.

SAM I don't know what to do, Mam. The guy's a psycho.

Emily GIGGLES up at her Gran. Jean smiles down at her, then back across at her son.

JEAN It'll be okay, son. You can stay --

Several LOUD THUMPS on the door.

BRIAN (O.S)

Open up!

Jean and Sam lock eyes.

BRIAN (O.S) Open the fuck up. I know that bastard's in here!

Sam takes a deep breath, standing up.

JEAN For god's sake, son, don't open up.

Sam calms himself but his eyes betray his fear. Jean stands up too, scans the room. Spots a fire poker. She walks over and picks it up. Hands it to her son.

> BRIAN (O.S) I'll kick the fucking thing in, ya bastard! Be a man for once in your life.

Sam hesitates... finally, reaches out for the poker.

JEAN Just in case, Sam.

Sam nods and walks to the front door.

Looks over his shoulder.

SAM Go out the back. Go to Barbara's down the road with her.

KICKS rain in on the front door.

Jean's eyes go wide with fear. Stuck between protecting her son or her granddaughter.

SAM (CONT'D) Mam, I'll be okay. Just take Emily away, look after her.

Jean nods and walks out the back.

Sam waits a few moments, then grabs the door handle and turns it. Opens the door.

Brian snarls at him.

He pushes past Sam, into the house.

SAM She's not here, Brian.

Sam turns around --

SMACK!

Brian's fist connects with his jaw. Knocks him to the ground.

BRIAN Tell me where she is!

Sam, vision blurred, looks up at the imposing figure of his father-in-law, bearing down on him.

Sam spits out blood as he speaks.

SAM She's not fucking here.

Brian kicks him in the face, whipping his head back. The poker flies out of his hand.

Brian kneels down by Sam. He speaks in a sinister whisper.

BRIAN I'll fucking kill you if you don't tell me where my granddaughter is, you understand? Where the fuck is she!?

Sam flashes a bloody grin.

Brian flies into a rage, jumping back to his feet. Lays kick after kick into Sam's body.

Brian turns and runs up the stairs.

Sam's smile drops. He spits out a tooth. Rolls onto his front and, blindly, looks for the poker.

Success! He grabs it tight in his hand. Gets to his feet.

SAM Brian! I'll tell you where she is, just leave my Mam alone, she's not well. Sam holds the poker behind his back.

Brian runs down the stairs.

BRIAN Come on then, where is she?

Sam whips his arm from behind his back and -

CRACK!

- flashes the poker across Brian's head.

Brian's eyes go wide. Hand goes to the side of his head.

CRACK!

Another blow rains down on Brian's head. He staggers.

CRACK!

Brian's eyes glaze over as he falls backwards through -

CRASH!

- a coffee table.

Sam's chest heaves. His eyes half closed.

He raises the poker again, too scared to take his eyes off Brian's body.

Sam staggers. Falls backwards, onto the floor.

A POLICE SIREN (O.S.).

Sam's head fall to the side, facing the window. Blue lights reflect across his face.

INT. BAR - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Sam stands, waiting for the BARMAID to take his order.

Mary stands by his side, head lowered.

The barmaid walks over and smiles to them.

SAM A pint and half a coke, please.

Mary moves closer to Sam.

SAM (to Mary) How's your dad?

MARY Still in hospital.

A deathly silence.

MARY (CONT'D) I'm sorry, Sam.

Sam LAUGHS.

SAM I put your dad in hospital and you're sorry!?

MARY It was my fault. It was all my fault.

The barmaid brings their drinks.

Sam takes his pint and takes a long swig. Picks up the coke and turns to face Mary.

He nods as Mary reaches out for her drink.

Sam throws the contents of her glass over her face.

Mary stands there, frozen.

SAM You're right Mary, it was all your fault. You're a fucking disgrace and if you think I'll let you anywhere near Emily, you're off your head.

Mary shakes her hair. Glares at Sam.

MARY She's my daughter, Sam. I have rights.

SAM You're an alcoholic, Mary. You're a joke of a mother, and --

He points to her bump.

SAM (CONT'D) I want a fucking DNA test for that.

He downs his pint in front of her. Slams the glass on the bar top.

SAM (CONT'D) I'll see you in court!

With a smile on his face, Sam pushes past her, walks to the exit. Opens the door and strides out.

FADE OUT.