

Right Back

by

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FADE IN:

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Low rent and low light. Paint peeling, fading wallpaper.

A fruit machine silently flashes false promises. Fag burns scar the wooden floor.

A couple of regulars sit around supping - each to their own.

At the end of the bar sits TERRY. Thirties, tall and mono-browed. Overweight in casual dress.

He nurses a pint of lager - now half full, but the way he's glaring shows he's sure it's half empty.

BARMAN wipes up spillage near him. Podgy, fifties, serious. Was probably once a copper. Got that look.

Terry makes a roll up while both of them avoid eye contact.

TERRY

Quiet the night.

Barman just nods and hums.

Terry sticks his cigarette in a corner of his mouth. Picks up his glass to head out the back.

TERRY

Be right back.

Another hum in response. Once he's gone Barman mumbles to no-one in particular...

BARMAN

Fucker.

One of the regulars nods.

INT. GAMES ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Terry heads for the back door. Passes a pool table, dart board and poker machine. More false promises flash.

He reaches the jukebox. Checks the coin return on it, tuts then checks the poker machine - all empty.

TERRY

Fucker.

Lights his cigarette. Spots some coins on the pool table. Pockets them then heads out.

EXT. SMOKING AREA

Surprising pleasant. Plenty of garden furniture and wooden benches. Pot plants line the back wall. Rain drizzles.

Terry checks a chair for dampness - not impressed.

He leans against a wall. Sucks hard on his cigarette while he places his pint on a nearby table.

He digs in his pockets. Pulls out a fistful of low value coins. Tots them up. Under his breath he says...

TERRY

Fucker.

A glance around while he hums a tune. Sips his pint. It's only then he sees another man at a table twenty feet away.

This guy taps on his phone at a table under a large umbrella. He wears a trilby and a long coat. Forties or so, thin and wiry. This is WILL.

TERRY

Hey, didn't see you there.

WILL

You're forgiven. Short for a pint?

He speaks with a refined accent - educated, but friendly.

TERRY

Yeah, how'd you -

WILL

Tell you what. Play me at pool. If you lose I'll buy you a pint. Win and I'll buy you two.

TERRY

An offer I can't refuse, kind sir. You're on, my son.

WILL

Salubrious. Set them up and I'll get 'em in.

He drains his glass and gets up. Terry does likewise and follows.

INT. GAMES ROOM - MINUTES LATER

They've been at it a while. Six balls left on the table - the black, four yellows and a red.

TERRY

There money on this?

WILL  
No, beer is at stake. For you.

TERRY  
Wanna make it more interesting?

Will misses a yellow. Stands back with annoyance.

WILL  
I might do. But you don't have any.  
Money I mean.

Terry's all set - his last red near a pocket. Begrudgingly...

TERRY  
Good point.

WILL  
Tell you what. I win, we're quits,  
owe me nothing. But you win, you  
get fifty euro. How's that sit?

TERRY  
You're throwing your money away.

WILL  
Am I?

TERRY  
You sure?

Will nods with certainty.

TERRY  
How can I refuse?

He cues. Sinks his final red with style.

The cue ball lands perfect for a straight shot on the black. Lines up. Terry smiles as he spends the fifty euro in his mind. It appears as if it's all over.

It isn't. He misses by millimetres. A glance of despair at the yellows around the table - he can see what'll happen, then at Will. Under his breath...

TERRY  
Fucker.

WILL  
I heard that. Steady now. No need  
to lower the tone.

In quick succession Will pots his remaining yellows. Terry's throwing beer down his throat as he does so.

In no time Will is on the black. But it's a long shot.

He cues up. Terry coughs just as he's about to hit it. Will pauses. Cues up again. Terry bites his lip.

And... he pots it.

TERRY

Fuckin' fifty euro and a pint.  
Feels like you stole them from me.

WILL

You never had them for me to steal.

He drops his cue on the table then offers his hand to Terry. With some reluctance he shakes it.

WILL

Don't worry, I'll get you another  
pint anyways. Was just a game.

Terry appears honoured.

TERRY

But you won.

WILL

Yeah. But you played well. And you  
didn't know I'd get you anyways.  
I'll get 'em in. Take a seat out  
back. Relax. We'll talk.

EXT. SMOKING AREA - LATER

Will and Terry are both laughing their arses off at the table. There's quite a few empty pint pots on the table.

TERRY

At that point I flipped her on  
her...mmmbbbhh.

WILL

What?

TERRY

Sorrah. I fufhhh.

He puts his hand over his mouth then exercises his jaw. Will watches on with concern.

WILL

You alright, Terry? You've not had  
that many.

Terry mumbles increasingly incoherent phrases. He only stops when he spots the smile on Will's face. He points at him.

WILL

Numbness in the jaw?

Terry nods.

WILL

Don't worry, it won't hurt. Well,  
not much. We just wanted to fuck  
you up. You had it coming.

Terry looks gobsmacked. Unfortunately he dribbles too.

Will takes out his phone. Hits a contact. Puts it to his ear.

WILL

It's started. Yep.

He puts the phone away.

WILL

A unique little poison I cooked up  
myself. Couple of drops every so  
often won't even show up on a post  
mortem. They can't find something  
they don't know exists. I would  
tell you more, but you're hardly  
the sharpest tool in the box. Why  
waste my breath?

It takes him a few goes, but eventually Terry mouths 'why'.

WILL

You're trying to say why? I thought  
you were saying 'what' for a while,  
because you're a fucking imbecile.

The Barman stands at the door, stares at Terry as he  
approaches. Terry looks fearful as he rubs his jaw.

WILL

Why? Because you fucked my wife,  
and you fucked his wife. Fucker.  
Probably a few others as well.  
That's why.

The Barman stands behind Will. They both stare at Terry as  
he shakes his head and waves his hands with denial.

BARMAN

(shouting)

You gave her the clap! And me! You  
little fucker.

WILL

Oh come on, Terry. Accept it, you  
did it. I can show you footage on  
my phone. I've seen you doing it.  
He's got some too. We couldn't  
quite believe it, you see.

BARMAN

Still can't. Bastard!

WILL

So we installed some cameras in our bedrooms. Of course, you could have taken them somewhere else, a hotel, a car, or your own house.

He takes a drink.

WILL

No, you had to fuck them in our houses, then wash in our bathrooms. Don't you see, Terry? You were fucking us really. So we've fucked you right back.

BARMAN

Fucker.

TERRY

Mummmpher!

WILL

Have a drink, Terry. That last pint is clear, I promise.

TERRY

Hufffhfa?

Will nods. Terry picks up his glass. Raises it to his mouth. But it slips from his grip before it gets there.

WILL

Oh, stage two already.  
(to the Barman)  
You'll like this. Watch.

Will hits play on a video on his phone - a rather lurid video of Terry and a woman frolicking in a bedroom. Will holds out the phone for Terry to watch.

WILL

Enjoy it while you can.

Terry turns away while he gurgles and rubs his throat.

He holds his hands up to see his fingers curl inward.

WILL

His toes will be doing the same. You won't be able to tell anyone. Over the next week or so there'll be doctors and hospitals and tests and tears, and crying and wailing and more tests. Even your family might be upset as well.

Will holds his little finger up to Terry. He turns to Barman.

WILL  
Oh, there'll be no more of the  
other either.

He lets the finger flop.

WILL  
About ten days from now, then  
you'll be gone. If you don't do it  
yourself first.  
(to Barman)  
Getting a little nippy out here.  
Shall we leave him to it?

The Barman nods. He and Will head back inside. Terry watches them go with tears in his eyes. But he smiles as he looks down between his legs.

He opens them to reveal his phone on the chair still recording audio. He uses a knuckle to stop it.

Much like a seal he picks up his phone and tries several times to pocket it without dropping it.

Eventually he manages it.

Using his wrists he picks up a glass and drains it then heads to the exit.

TERRY  
Fummpheemmmuss fummph uunnnhhh  
bahhhm.

SUBTITLE: Fuckers. I'll fuck you right back.

FADE OUT.