

LAST ORDERS

Written by
Rowan Walsh

rowanwalsh98@gmail.com

1 EXT. MARKET INN. SUNSET. 1

Silence. An elderly woman, SUE, exits the Market Inn pub and places an 'Open' placard out the front. She gazes at the building and sighs, before heading back inside.

CUT TO:

2 INT. MARKET INN. NIGHT. 2

Slowly, the usual suspects begin to take their seats across the 18th century boozier [timelapse].

MR PASCOE munches on crisps loudly while his wife, sat across the table, is clearly irritated. Menacing-looking WENDY is viciously vaping on the next table whilst glaring at a social distancing poster. At the back, old farmer TERRENCE and his dog sit at the slot machine. Just missing out to sit at the machine, young farmer KEVIN stands behind awaiting his turn. At the bar, drunken brutes WILL AND BILL compete in flipping beer mats.

SUE is stood next to the final orders bell looking anxious. She takes a deep breath, and rings the bell.

TITLE: LAST ORDERS.

The music stops, the TV turns off, and in sync, everyone abruptly turns to the bar.

SUE

Right, listen ere'. I'm not gonna sugar coat it alright? I'm putting this place up for sale.

There is a series of gasps across the room.

SUE (CONT'D)

The place just isn't making any profit alright! I don't know why, but that's how it is!

A group of TOURISTS enter the pub. The locals face them in unison.

SUE (CONT'D)

(fiercley)
We're closed.

The tourists look around at the packed pub and exit puzzled.

SUE (CONT'D)
 (back to the room)
 If any of you think you can do a
 better job, be my guest, take it
 on. You won't last 5 seconds.

SUE heads out back as panic ensues amongst the locals. MRS PASCOE pretends to look devastated.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. MARKET INN. DAY. 3

MRS PASCOE looks over the moon as she happily poses with MR PASCOE for a photo. They are stood underneath a tacky colourful balloon arch. As a PHOTOGRAPHER clicks his shutter, the happiness disappears from the couple in an instant.

CUT TO:

4 INT. MARKET INN. NIGHT. 4

MR and MRS PASCOE serve pint after pint with smiles on their faces. KEVIN immediately heads to the slot machine, only to find TERRENCE already fast asleep on it. WILL and BILL stand eagerly at the bar.

The couple stand far apart initially, but slowly, edge towards one another. Their hands meet. They lovingly smile. MRS PASCOE retrieves divorce papers from her backpocket and throws them into the bin.

MRS PASCOE
 Fresh start...

They lean in to kiss when... WENDY leans over the bar.

WENDY
 Anyone want a crisp?

MR PASCOE takes one and starts chewing loudly. MRS PASCOE immediately pulls the divorce papers out the bin and rushes out the room. MR PASCOE chases after her as WENDY eats a crisp with a menacing grin.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. MARKET INN. DAY. 5

WENDY is now stood under the balloon arch with the evil look on her face. She coughs on her vape loudly.

CUT TO:

6 INT. MARKET INN. NIGHT. 6

WENDY proudly proudly pulls down the social distancing sign with an anti-vax poster reading; 'Don't trust the scientists. Medicine is a scam'. She begins swallowing a series of pills as 2 Police Officers enter.

One accidently walks into an 'all lives matter' flag before approaching WILL at the bar. WENDY is distracted with her phone while they show WILL a video of a 5G mast being burnt down. In it, a hood comes down, revealing WENDY to be one of them. WILL drunkenly laughs and points over to her.

WILL

Wa hey! That's our WENDY! Ey WENDS,
you a Tiktoker or sumin?

WENDY immediately makes a run for it, but quickly runs out of breath. The officers lead her away, as BILL hangs up a phone call to 999. He winks over to WILL across the bar, who pulls the flag down and winks back. Sat in between them, SUE seems confused.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. MARKET INN. DAY. 7

The balloon arch is now lacking some balloons as a very pissed-up WILL and BILL stand underneath. BILL holds up a series of pints while WILL pretends to drink a keg.

BILL calls over the locals who stand waiting and they all merrily head towards the entrance cherring. They stop abruptly as BILL desperately pats himself down in search of the keys.

WILL notices, and pulls out a set with at least 200 keys on. He begins trying every key into the lock.

CUT TO:

8 EXT. MARKET INN. NIGHT. 8

Most of the crowd has now dispersed as WILL continues to try each key in the door. BILL is filling up his pint glasses using the keg as KEVIN stares through the window longingly at the unused slot machine.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. MARKET INN. SUNRISE. 9

The friends now stand alone in front of the pub. Sleepily, WILL tries the final key that sits in the set. Alas, it doesn't fit. He stands back and looks over to BILL with tears in his eyes.

WILL

I'm sorr-

BILL

Don't you dare. We had a bloody good go. I'm proud of you. I'm proud of us.

They embrace, before drunkenly walking into the sunrise together.

Not long after they disperse, TERRENCE waddles up to the door with his Dog and walks straight in - it was never locked.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. MARKET INN. DAY. 10

Only a few balloons remain on the archway as TERRENCE is directed where to stand by the photographer. He moves from side to side and gets closer and closer, until eventually the photographer gives up.

CUT TO:

11 INT. MARKET INN. NIGHT. 11

KEVIN rushes inside, spots TERRENCE asleep behind the bar, and dashes towards the unoccupied slot machine. As he gets closer, he realises TERRENCE's dog is fast asleep on the chair. It growls as he attempts to push it off. In a huff, he sits beside SUE at one of the tables.

KEVIN
 TERRENCE is so lucky. I would kill
 for this place.

At the bar, MR PASCOE taps TERRENCE on the shoulder. He
 doesn't respond, so checks his pulse.

MR PASCOE
 Oh god, TERRENCE, TERRY, can you
 hear me?

SUE's eyes widen as she slowly edges away from KEVIN.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. MARKET INN. DAY. 12

A balloon drifts away as KEVIN giddily waits for his photo to
 be taken. As soon as the camera CLICKS, he rushes inside.

CUT TO:

13 INT. MARKET INN. DAY. 13

The front door slams open and KEVIN freezes. The whole place
 is empty.

In the corner, a thief struggles to move the slot machine.
 They notice KEVIN and dash out.

The new landlord slowly makes his way over the machine. He
 takes a seat, and presses a button, before getting back to
 his feet.

KEVIN
 Ah it's not the same.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. MARKET INN. SUNSET. 14

The wind gently sways a 'CLOSED' sign sitting underneath the
 balloon arch's metal shell.

CUT TO:

15 INT. MARKET INN. SUNSET. 15

All of the Market Inn locals are standing in their usual
 spots in a sorrowful trance.

MRS and MR PASCOE glance at each other awkwardly. WENDY continues to vape as her ankle tag flashes. At the back, TERRENCE's dog sits at the slot machine whimpering as KEVIN leans behind it in a mood. At the bar, WILL and BILL look much smarter as they drink water.

SUE is stood behind the bar looking like she's about to explode. Suddenly, she rings the last orders bell. Everyone snaps out of their states.

SUE

Right, c'mon everyone. This can't be how it ends.

MRS PASCOE

We've literally gone through everyone. There's no one else.

SUE

Well, maybe that's the problem. This whole time, we've each tried and failed to run this place on our own, when we should have done the it together. Because at the end of the day, that's what we are.... Every New Years Eve, every lock in, every funeral, every boring Tuesday night. We're together, we're a team, we're the Market Inn locals. If we put whatever money we have left, and maybe get a loan or two, we can do this. I know we can. So stop your whining and let's do this ***** thing.

Around the room, the energy lifts and people begin to cheer in support. WENDY rips off her ankle tag. KEVIN carefully strokes TERRENCE's dog. MRS and MR PASCOE look to each other and smile. WILL and BILL begin downing hip flasks and already look bedragled again. SUE marches towards the front door.

SUE (CONT'D)

Follow me!

The locals follow behind her in glee.

CUT TO:

SUE hastily strides up to the 'CLOSED' sign and rips it off, revealing 'OPEN'. The locals hurrah with joy as the TOURISTS approach them.

TOURIST 1

Oh good you've heard the news!

The locals go silent and stare back at them blanky.

TOURIST 1 (CONT'D)

We've bought the place... The
Market Inn is saved! Such a
fantastic investment oppurunity!

Beat.

SUE

Should we just go Red Lion instead?

The whole group agrees and begins walking.

Within seconds they have already arrived at the Red Lion
which sits right next door.

KEVIN

Bagsy first go on slot machine.

THE END.